UNITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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EDITORIAL.

J. LL. J.

The din of the political battle is already in the air. Beware lest the patriot be sunk in the partisan.

King Caucus is the most dangerous enemy of the American Republic to-day. He seeks to supplant the individual conscience at the polls, and direct the crowd with the limber wand of Expediency, rather than the iron rod of Principle.

In the long run, he cannot be trusted in public affairs who is unwholesome in his private life. Minor morals determine major issues in the life of an official, as elsewhere. The hope of the country lies in the *noble army of scratchers*, they who are determined to recognize integrity and character at the polls, even though they never vote a straight ticket.

The Church of the Unity at Evansville, Ind., is in great danger of enacting the humiliating Drama in Three Acts, which has so frequently soiled the pages of church history, to wit:

Act I. An honest change of opinion on the part of the preacher, frankly expressed.

Act II. An exciting church meeting in which there is an honest difference of opinion.

Act III. A tempest in a tea-pot, in which each side forgets the honesty and worthiness of the other. A battle, perhaps a law-suit,

in which the victorious party is invariably beaten, for to win in a contest for external possession is to lose the internal wealth. Triumph is only for the party that withdraws from an irreligious contest in the name of religion. At home and abroad there is great danger of dealing with this complex question as though it was a simple one. When Mr. Chainey resigned his charge for conscience sake, on account of a radical change in his opinions, he confronted several delicate questions which his conscience alone should decide. The minority have rights which can be secured to them only by the magnanimity of the majority, and his future relationship must be determined by the law of chemical affinity, which has a spiritual as well as a material side. *Unity* withholds no whit of its fellowship from either side. If Bro. Chainey has been struck with a whiff of East wind, causing discordant nerves, we will patiently wait the reaction, and welcome the repose it brings. If he be a prophet of the coming times, we stand ready to accept the credentials which every prophet brings, viz: nobler manhood, larger self-sacrifice, a tenderer truthfulness, greater usefulness than the old inspires. Will the time never come when the hearts of men will be so harnessed to the judgment, that they can face such differences of opinion as is here involved, without having the epithets "rash" and "foolhardy" hurled from the one side, and "coward" and "pharisee" returned from the other; when neither side will stoop to use the bully's vindication of "you're another"? God or no God, Prayer or no Prayer, immortal day or immortal night, may we not still preserve the "unity of spirit in the bonds of peace"? Truth is never served by passion; let us keep cool and never forget to be *gentle*men and *gentle*women in the household of *Unity*.

The Know-Nothing party has had its day in politics. It now appears in theology, and is rapidly gaining numbers in many quarters, under the more classic guise of Agnosticism. This to many seems to be the coming word in religion. There is an agnosticism of piety that reverently confesses ignorance in the presence of infinite realities, that must grow with the growth of knowledge. It is the measure of the soul's devoutness; it is to realize with Tennyson that the mind's largest thought is but as the wail of a child,—

> "An infant crying in the night:
> An infant crying for the light:
> And with no language but a cry."

But is there not also an agnosticism of dogmatism, which, in the name of science, warns the soul off from all the border lands of knowledge, forbids head or heart looking toward wonderland. This, like other dogmas, must have its day and die, for the soul has rights which even logic is bound to respect, for it is the mint in which logic is coined. The undiscovered country is the summerland, the most interesting of all lands; on the borders we

find the finest heroism. God, Immortality, Prayer, are words that cannot permanently be tabooed even in the name of science, for they stand not for unknown, but for unmeasured realities. The soul cannot be put on short rations and live on the dry crackers of demonstrated facts only, to accommodate any scientific dogma. Mr. Stickney, in his essay on the coming minister, published elsewhere, gives us some pertinent sentences on this matter.

It is an easy thing to expose the superficial absurdities that have clustered around prayer, particularly the public breathings of worship. It is a difficult thing to touch the hidden force which is its vindication. It is a border land reality too large to be measured by the scientist's chain. But this well beaten highway upon which the saints of history have groped, whereon the prophets of the race have walked, cannot be like Emerson's western road, narrowing into a foot-path, ultimately ending in a squirrel track that runs up a tree. The yearnings of the centuries have not left us stranded on the barren sands of *mere superstition.* The devotional spirit brings a flavor of tenderness and strength that makes manliness more manly. The anthology of modern, as well as ancient, poets is made up of breathings after the better life. The noblest notes of Wordsworth, Longfellow, and Tennyson, as well as David's, are the phrasings of the heart, not of the head exclusively. They represent the homesickness of the finite as it gropes after the Infinite. Remembering all this, the minister need make no apologies for yielding to the most human instinct that ever revealed itself in human nature, as it leads him to stand up Sunday after Sunday, in the midst of his weary, distracted and sometimes leaden people, and, with closed eyes and uplifted heart, attempt to phrase his better nature, to state in words his noblest longings, and, on the wings of earnest sentences, lift them and himself to higher levels. Submit such a prayer to the severest rationalistic analysis, put it into the closest scientific straight-jacket, yet so long as it remains the honest expression of his better nature, so long as it is, to use Frances Power Cobbe's phrase, an attempted flight of the alone to the Alone, it will remain his best contribution to the spiritual life of his people, the most sanitary help to the moral diseases of a community. It will continue to meet a permanent need of the human heart after every hurtful theological fetter and every crippling dogma that ever wore the garb of religion, have been destroyed.

Contributed Articles.

LOVE AND LAW.

"He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars: he calleth them all by their names."
—Ps. 147: 3-4.

The punctual stars, like bells of silver trumpets
Blown by ten thousand ranks of heralds, sound
The coming of brown Midnight, king of darkness.
I stand under the bare skies, with bare head
And heart; I hold my hands to them; I cry,
"Take me up, silent stars, into still spaces,"
And then I strive to spring, and strike against
The earth, as if to push it with my foot
Away, like a toy-ball spurned from the road-side.
But thus I fly only a few spare inches,
And fall back on the earth's breast with a jar
Which is earth's chastisement, by which she says,
"Peace, peace, thou simpleton, be still and learn
The earth too is a star." Then come to me
The strong, sweet words of Hebrew psalmist, singing
Of earth and all its people, and the stars,
Gathered into one heaven, whose hosts like sand
Are told and named and loved by one sole Lord,
"He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up
Their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars:
He calleth them all by their names." O potent
Singer, who taught thee how to set these brave
Thoughts side by side? For by these words of thine,
If standing on the earth we watch the sky,
We see thee toss this heavy world into
A constellation; but if we look down
About our feet, then heaven comes down to earth.
The songs the stars sing, and their light and beauty,
Are caught by birds and brooks and bloom of flowers;
And such bright mercies throng the way, in numbers
Like sea-shore sands, that we wade deep in skies.
O high and holy bard, thou hast leaped over
Gray ages past to lay thy hand upon
My head, because thou hast set side by side
These words: thou girdest me with peace and strength.
One Lord there is who bindeth up my wounds
And healeth the sore places of my heart;
And he the same Lord is who telleth all
The mighty multitude of stars, and writeth
Their names and places on the sky, like parchment.
He telleth the number of the stars! O wonder!
Bethink thee! let thy mind spin filaments
Of thought, striving to weave itself around this
Vastness of peopled space of burning suns:
If on the pinions of terrific wind,
Potent to rend strong oaks, to tear down towers,
Tossing their guns like playthings in the air,
And twisting huge wrought-iron beams to curls,
If on this wind, I say, thou shouldst be borne,
Past moon, past sun, to catch a star, how long
Would be thy dizzy journey? A hundred years?
Yea, and a hundred hundred, and that by
A thousand, and that doubled still—yea, more
Than twice ten million years thou wouldst rush on
Riding on the back of a hurricane,

To reach the nearest of the gleaming globes
That kindle watch-fires in the arch of space,
Like beacons set in a cathedral dome.
And from that star a great new firmament
Of stars thou wouldst behold, worlds on worlds, rolling
Upon thy vision, here invisible,
Strange constellations of shining creatures
Sketching their mythic pictures on new skies;
Red orbs and fiery nebulæ, wierd planets
Stranger than Saturn, and fierce, hairy comets.
And if upon that star thou shouldst erect
A telescope and find the faintest gleam
Of light within its focus, and leap to it,
Another firmament would rise before thee,
With worlds piled to the zenith. And so following,
Forever and forever and forever,
And still forever multiplied forever.

Through this infinity of heavenly lights
One law prevails, one perfect purpose runs,
Combining all into one living system.
No orb stands by itself, or sails or sings
Alone, but each one hath a lovely tune,
Which it goes singing grandly for itself,
And all the melodies agreeing, sound
Together, none to other sacrificed,
None marred, but woven into one great splendor.
This is the art of a sublime and perfect
Harmony. Through these great round lights a thread
Of union runs, which strings them like rich gems
Into a chain of evening-lighting stones
Hung round the neck of Righteousness. One thought
Is omnipresent, and the distances
Immense by it contract into a span.
Along the way between, at every step
Striding from star to star, the self-same power
And living motion works by one sole law,
One Lord, one form, one infinite creation,
Down to this little earth, where lovers' lamps
Are naught but little burning suns on tables,
And a tear, spilled, falls in a little sphere
Through space, in conic curve, like rolling planet.

In all these moving ranks where one high order
Unvarying rules—which is the one supreme
Eternal Life and Love and Thought appearing—
There is no great, there is no small, nor can
Comparison be made of one thing with
Another, saying, this is more important,
Or, that is but a mean and trifling part:
For all is great in the Eternal Purpose
That holds it all, and even the whole is small
Beside the Eternal Life in which it sinks.
What is this earth upon whose ample breast
Children of men wage wars and build high towers?
What are the planets moving in concentric
Curves with the earth, and what is the stupendous
Sun which ties to itself these whirling worlds?
Truly, compared with the infinitude
Which hath no end on either hand, or up,
Or down, this system of huge worlds, their moons,
And monstrous sun binding them all together,
Are but as fine dust, cast by a man's hand
Into the sky. The mollusk and polyp,
The diatoms whose thin silicious skins
Deposit deep beds of white, shining sand,
And hosts of strange and living little creatures
In water, earth or air,—these are the dust's dust:
Yea, upon this imperious rolling ball,
What is man's body but a grain or mote?
And yet how safely the earth spins around,
How serenely goes singing on its way
Around the sun, how prompt the seasons are,
How full of luscious juices and sweet waters!
How lordly planets make their grave obeisance
Unto the central king, revolving round him
And borrowing his light so vividly
That they may be descried by day, not hidden
Even by the sun's prodigious beam! How softly
And faithfully the moons attend their worlds,
Reflecting the sun's smile over the shoulder
Of night when that brown nurse bids day begone
And frowns upon the too indulgent light!
How man's body thrives, and the little insects,
And zoophytes rooted like plants—how all
Flourish and swarm, momentous to the Power
That swings a comet, sets a sun aflame,
And squeezes nebulæ till worlds ooze out.
Through all, one perfect power and purpose runs:
In large and little, one Lord lives by one Law,
And in his sight there is no great, no small.
Before Almightiness, the whole is naught,
But to all-lovingness the polyp's hunger
Cries, and the beast's pangs in his barren den;
He taketh up the isles as little things,
And soothes the fright or fall of hunted birds.

To all our human needs he ministers,
To the deep needs of mind and heart and soul.
If human minds look out into the darkness
And gather rays of truth, 'tis his sight sees;
If human hearts do love, 'tis his love loves;
If human hearts rejoice, 'tis his joy joys:
He is the source of every power of life,
He is the eye's eye and the being's being,
And standeth by to cherish and to bless.

It cannot be but grief and pain will come:
We know not how to strive and never fail;
We know not how to have and not to lose;
There is no way to love and not to fear;
There is no way to love and not to feel
The pangs of parting when seas roll between,
Or when we search in vain for baffled friendship,
Or when the sky-pits yawn, and the dear friend
Falls out of sight into their blue abyss.
Then the One Lord takes up our weary woes
As he takes up the isles, or steers a star.
So wonderful his laws that he hath ways
To cope with our great pain, and conquer it.
Nay, we may turn to him, and search ourselves,
And pray; and the still answer comes so quick,
We know there is a firmament which opens
And a voice speaks to us,—we hear it speak.
All things combine to work his will of mercy
Upon our pain: the stores of human love
Unlock, and children press their cheeks to ours:
Kind Time assuages, and new hope awakens,

New shoots of strength grow soon to stems of promise:
We walk again and sing into the sky,
And take note of the breeze, bird, brook and blossom.
O sing unto the Lord! Sing praise to God!
"The Lord is great and greatly to be praised!"
"He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up
Their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars:
He calleth them all by their names." Ye hearts
That strive and grieve and pray and strive again,
Tell me, hath not the Hebrew bard well placed
These great thoughts side by side? God hath two temples—
The infinite grandeur of the starry heavens
Where shining ranks of servants throng and move
In unimaginable multitudes
At his command: the lowly human soul
The other is, where he hath made his mercy-seat.
One Life and Love he is through all that vast
Expanse from heart to star. Swifter than light
Or thought he comes from some great sun convulsed,
To hold a heart that it break not too far.
He weighs it in his hand against a star;
It is as heavy to the Lord as all
His suns, if it the more hath need of healing.
Praise! Praise! Thanksgiving, Trust and Praise! Amen!

J. V. BLAKE.

A LAYMAN'S VIEW OF THE FUTURE PREACHER.

[An Essay read before the Michigan Unitarian Conference at Kalamazoo, Mich., May 18, 1880, by GEO. STICKNEY, Esq., of Grand Haven, Mich.]

Changes for better or worse in the construction, customs or management of church, political party, or any other association of people for a common purpose, generally come from outside pressure or agitation rather than from the calm and thoughtful consideration of its components. Coming from such a source, they are aggressive rather than constructive. Oftenest the old house has to be torn down and built up from the ground in order to meet the more intelligent and refined wants of a new generation, or else the old portion will be a dead weight upon, and shame the new.

And the question often arises with me, as it seems to with many, now-a-days, whether the grand old institution, the Christian church, has not passed or is not passing its days of usefulness. We have all got past the notion that it came from God, a perfect, permanent, infallible, sacred thing, in the infancy of the Christian religion, and that as such it must remain impervious to change until the end of time. We mostly agree that as it exists to-day, something is wrong with it, and mostly are trying to reform it from the inside. We believe that its day of usefulness is not past; that its foundation is all right; that a few new beams and girders, a few of the old pillars replaced by new ones, and the whole re-painted and re-frescoed, and the reclining places newly upholstered, and it will be as good as, if not better than new.

Most associations are formed to effect some purpose, the attainment of which may be more easily accomplished by concerted action than by single-handed work. Such associations in their incipiency are radical and destructive in their tendencies. Their institution is suggested by the desirability, often the necessity, of some change in the existing condition of things; some increase in the existing knowledge; some great wrong to be righted; some religious dogma to be aggrandized or demolished; somebody's freedom to be attained, or the bond of some slavery to be tighter welded. It is the putting to use of the principle of co-operation. The reform having been effected, or progress having made through the means adopted, we come to love the means as well as, and often rather than the end, and even to worship them. They have accomplished sacred work, therefore they are sacred. They have been the instruments in the hands of earnest, enthusiastic workers for the accomplishment of great reforms, therefore *they* are the earnestness and the enthusiasm; they are the reform. They are a part of the divine nature that helped to guide them. As far as this is a love for an old thing for the good it has done, I have no fault to find with it. There is something interesting in an old, abrazed, blackened coin—a memento of the commerce of the past. We look with a mixed feeling of awe and amazement upon the ungainly battle-clubs and axes of a thousand years ago. We love for its associations the shattered old gun with which our ancestors, or our children, or we, have helped vindicate our right to be a country. But does our reverence for the good *old*, cause us to go to war with the stone hatchet, or the disabled Sharpe that did such good work only two decades ago? When new fields are to be won, we shall not rally around the bullet-scarred old ensign, but a new and comely one; and even then we may not, as we are prone to do, worship the bunting. We must look behind the flag, and reverence the thing it stands for. We must read between the lines of the constitution for the spirit which inspired it. We must put new wine into new bottles. We must fight the battle of to-day with the weapons of to-day.

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The old notion about the divine right of kings, now commonly regarded as an error, is better classed among the half truths, often so much more harmful than absolute error, because so much more tenacious of life. The divine right of kings! We are all kings, and all the rights we have come from God. If they don't originate there, they are *wrongs*, not rights.

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How far are we the slaves of precedent, and so retarding the work? It seems to me sometimes as though, if people would only stand out of the way, stop hindering it with their labored contrivances for "how not to do it," the work would almost do itself. If we are not absolutely hindering it, how far are we meeting live issues with the dead weapons of dead men? What shall we do to make our fight with the world, the flesh and the devil, a less unequal one?

With this idea for a motive, let us look about us and see whether our tools are the brightest, sharp-

est, best at our command, and if so, and still inefficient, let us don the inventor's vestment.

There is no question but that "I believe" has moved the world further and oftener than "I know;" often blindly, often wrongly and disastrously, but still powerfully; this habit of eking out our knowledge with our imagination is as old as the world. It would seem at first thought that as the world advanced in positive knowledge, the latitude for the exercise of our beliefs would narrow; but we need not pursue the subject far to conclude the opposite effect has resulted.

And yet, a scientific religion would be no religion. A religion based on demonstrable facts, is something of which I cannot conceive. *Prove* your religion true, and it is not a religion, but a science; I do not know what you mean by a scientific religion. Love according to a demonstrable rule, and what will it be? No love, but something so cold and heartless as not to be designated by any synonym of the word. But no fear that the practical will ever make such encroachments on the ideal as that the ideal will have no ground for existence left. Show me a scientist who has reduced *everything* to hard facts, and he shall be no scientist, but something superhuman, or rather *in*human. No, the more knowledge, the more ground for the faith that shall remove mountains and realize heaven.

Yet, while we may not have a scientific religion, we may have a reasonable one; and it is the task of reformers in religion to-day not to prove everything, but to eliminate that which has been proven false. And the greatest obstacle in the immense work is to make people understand that the religion does not suffer by it. Show them this, and the work is light of showing them how much it is benefited.

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In the progress incident to the last century we have applied the principle of co-operation to almost everything; have lessened the variety of almost every man's duties, and then, in his particular department, have demanded more skilful work. The minister's duties are as varied now as they have been from time immemorial, and yet the parishioner's tastes have been educated, and they expect better and more thorough work in every department. He must write two sermons a week every week in the year, and the pious, hum-drum homilies of even twenty years ago will not do. They must be up to the times, not only in theological matters, but in every popular idea and passing sensation, but not a hair's breadth ahead of them. They must bear all the polish and literary excellence of the lyceum lecture, and be replete with sanctimonious frivolity and pious irreverence.

Then the prosperous minister, who succeeds in building up a flourishing society—that is, one that will run itself without help from any one but the minister, for that is what is wanted now-a-days, particularly in societies of our denomination—must be pre-eminently social; he must visit, bow, and shake hands indefatigably; he must always be ready with his little say at feast, fast, funeral, and all other public gatherings. In short, he must be omnipresent, and he must act as though he were omnipotent, or people will begin to suspect that he isn't.

And how many laymen ever stop to think how different are the necessary qualifications for a student and a busy-body? How impossible it is for the two qualities to be combined in the same person! And so they either say of their minister: "He is a nice clever fellow, but he can't preach," or else: "He's a good preacher enough, but he ain't worth a cent to build up a society." How invariably is one of these criticisms commonly applied to a minister, and how *justly*, too!

Now the remedy isn't in looking about and finding some more perfect order of humanity. Here is where the principle of co-operation should be applied and divide the ministerial duties. By-and-by I shall suggest their farther simplification; but first I would relieve him of his hand-shaking duties, and put them upon somebody else. If the society hasn't the enthusiasm in itself to do this most necessary work, and most likely it has not, then I would do as the solicitous mother would have done for her school-boy who lacked a capacity,—*buy it one.* And I believe it would be, in almost any society, a paying investment. I would engage some person, probably a woman, but possibly a man, who should be a sort of missionary and solicitor-general for it; who should look after the church's poor and sick, be sponsor to the babies, stir up delinquents to prompter and more regular attendance at church, solicit and collect subscriptions to the church fund, drum for the Sunday-school, act as chairman of the missionary and other auxiliary societies, &c. I leave it to you whether this or the other should be called the minister; no doubt quite as much talent would be required for this kind of work as for the sermonizer, but of what a different kind! I am inclined to think the sermons could better be dispensed with than the other, and in the name of goodness isn't there enough of this kind of work in any ordinary society for one able-bodied person, without expecting two sermons a week from him? Then this kind of work, generally so little attended to, will grow by what it feeds on,—and it will *pay*, pay in increased interest, in attendance, and in *money.*

And what a suggestion is here for everybody as regards their duty to their fellows—their duty as missionaries in their communities! "Heathen!" "Missionary!" It is getting hard to find the line of demarkation between the one and the other. We all have some—most of us a good deal—of the heathen in us yet, and perhaps, though we suspect it not, and did we do so would strive to smother the impulse, a little of the missionary. Charles Lamb said, "The pleasantest sensation in the world was to have done a good action by stealth, and have it found out by accident." Our work is so unfashionable that when we do it at all, it is as though we were ashamed of it; and our stealth is so well conceived and skilfully executed that we shall have to get our reward otherwise than by the approval of our friends. The old-time Pharisee who dropped his *bon-ton* coppers into the box with such a clatter, and wrote his name on subscription papers with

such a bold hand, and was so ready with his spiritual advice and consolation, who prayed with such unction, and exhorted with such fervor, is getting to be a character of the past, or at least is not indigenous to the liberal ranks. The influence upon the world of our "*silent walk*," has been dwelt upon in the pulpit so often, and so long, that we have become as it were saturated with the idea, and never speak.

But even with this relief, your ordinary sermonizer will hardly come up to the mark made for him by his congregation. Ministers, as is the case with other students and thinkers, if they follow up one line of topics carefully will be deficient in others. A young man who has not his barrel pretty well filled already, will get monotonous sometimes; his work will not always be fresh and clean; he must have his favorite topics on which he is particularly at home, almost always has his hobby which he rides beautifully and acceptably until he wears it out, and often it will halt and limp. He will realize this as keenly as his congregation, and sometimes get almost desperate; and your desperate mood is not the best one for good work. He will cram with and absorb somebody else's brilliant printed sermon, and no doubt unconsciously reproduce a portion of it, and some one will accuse him of plagiarism. We have heard of bitter experiences of this kind for some most brilliant preachers during the past year; and there is a hint of what almost any minister may suffer in the story of the one who was criticized something in this way: "The sermon was good enough; I have no fault to find with that; but that prayer of his, beginning 'Our Father,' I have certainly heard somewhere before. He must have plagiarized it entire."

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The graduate of a divinity school is launched upon the world with a stock in trade of half a dozen sermons which he has prepared with the greatest care and learned to deliver with much ease and acceptance. Candidating with these, he is invited to some pulpit where he and his hearers will soon discover the difference between the ready-made sermon and the one made to order.

Older and more experienced ministers cannot always call up the sermon-writing mood, and it is wickedly wasteful of vitality to compel the mental grind necessary when the body does not supply the needed stimulant. Sermons to be helpful must be the inspiration of the best men in their best moods, not the production of the slave compelled to fabricate a certain amount o web in a certain time, regardless of its texture.

We of the pews go to church generally in that receptive mood induced by a bath, clean linen, and the rested feeling which a late sleep on Sunday morning brings us. Perhaps we hear in connection with the general exercises, a sweet, pure, helpful sermon. We comment with one another on our way home and at our extra Sunday dinner, taking care not to let the minister know we enjoyed it, for that might make him independent. Next Sunday morning we try again. Perhaps the minister's wife has been sick; perhaps he has had the toothache all the week; perhaps neither, and only that the sermon, like the butter in hot, souring weather, no matter how vigorously the cream is churned, wouldn't come. So if he be an orthodox man, he tells you about the saving blood of Christ; if he be a liberal, he demolishes hell, or replies to Robert Ingersoll, and your appreciative listener begins to lose his interest.

In the wealthy city church, a salaried choir, impressive ritual ceremonies, fine floral decorations, and a grand display of millinery may compensate in some manner for a swashy sermon; but in the average Western church it is the sermon that must win if anything does. I have seen societies lashed by the preacher for their reliance on finely-written sermons to draw audiences and build up their churches, and given to understand that they should come and listen to prosy and profitless ones for the sake of the cause, if you know what that is. Such advice generally comes from preachers whose unfitness for their calling is so commonly known that they are troubled continually to find some better reason for attending church than the personal improvement their hearers will derive.

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Now I am conscious of the necessity of a pull all together; of earnest, united work on the part of everybody, to the success of a society. If I were writing to the laymen, I would dwell upon this matter; but I am writing to the ministers in behalf of the laymen. As far as public criticism is concerned, the ministers have it about all their own way now.

As I said before, the remedy is not that we look for a more perfect order of humanity for our preachers; it is usually supposed we use the best material to be had for them now. From three or four to ten or a dozen good sermons a year is all that should be expected from any minister; or rather the forcing process should never be applied. When the inspiration comes, the world should have the benefit of it. If a man has one sermon, as I sometimes think I have, he should have the facilities extended him for delivering it, not only to one society, but to every one within his reach; but because he has *one*, is no reason for a society giving him an opportunity to bore them for the balance of the year.

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My suggestion is that societies should be organized much as now, with some earnest, competent person, such as I have mentioned, to look after and stimulate the parish work. Then I would try to get people over the notion that a poor sermon, coming to them first-hand, was better than a thoroughly good one from some one beyond their reach, but which printed may be read to them in an impressive, possibly an eloquent manner. Perhaps the person just mentioned and for whose occupation we as yet have no name, and perhaps some other competent person, in the absence of an original sermon, shall conduct the service and read something from the printed wealth of religious thought so accessible to us now-a-days. In this way, Channing, and Parker, and King, though dead, may yet speak to us from our pulpits;—an Adler, a Frothingham, a Chadwick,

and a hundred others, who at the great centers are forcing the thinking world to advance with them, may be almost as great an influence as at their homes. I believe with a little experience liberal people will get over their prejudice against this kind of an exercise, but I would introduce it only in the absence of a competent sermonizer.

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I believe more than three-fourths of the ministers die without developing more than a fraction of the power that is in them, because they are forced to live mentally, just as they do financially, "from hand to mouth." They have no time to do good work. The demand for sermons is insatiate, and so they spread it out, thinner and thinner, and gradually become machine ministers—mental bankrupts! This is why preachers proverbially grow dry and abstruse and conservative as they grow old. It isn't because they are become more spiritualized so often as it is because they are become fossilized.

With this proposed system of perpetual exchange brought about by some central bureau, the minister would come in contact with a greater variety of wants, and broaden instead of contract with age. He would be less dependent on any particular people for his support, and the bread-and-butter inducement to *trim* would be much lessened. He would become more independent in thought and in the utterance of it. One of the greatest causes of insincerity in the pulpit would be removed.

The same effect would be observed upon the people. Coming in contact with a greater variety of thought, they would no doubt become more independent in criticism, and at the same time fairer and more tolerant of the beliefs of others. The continual listening to sermons with which we entirely sympathize is more apt to engender narrowness in us, than if we heard the other side occasionally. We are too apt, when we become what, for short, we call "liberalized," to illustrate it by separating ourselves entirely from our orthodox neighbors, and getting to think there is no health in them. It is worth while to hear them occasionally, not so much for the purpose of keeping up a kind of wholesome disgust for some of their doctrines—which is desirable—as to enable us to remember how much we have in common with them. And if, as we are generally taught, it is demoralizing to wander from our particular fold on an occasional Sunday night, it might be worth while for us to listen to a few sermons now and then from one of their preachers in our own church. There the liberal atmosphere would be so pervading that there would be no danger of our being led astray, and we should find more points of sympathy than of disagreement.

Of course, then as now, the rich societies would command the best talent, but they would not be able to monopolize it entirely, as now. The city ministers might be induced occasionally to come to the towns on a kind of starring tour. And how much easier it would be to give impecunious societies a lift, and do missionary work generally, with such a system! This central board, having such matters in charge, and having the whole field in its eye, could be easily communicated with by sympathizing people in towns lacking an organization. The board, knowing what missionary fund and what ministerial service is at command, could dispose of them intelligently.

You are arranging to put a missionary in the field. He will go over the State, presenting our views wherever he can get a hearing; he will have his say and go his way. The little interest he may be able to create will die out. By-and-by he must go there again and begin at the beginning. Why not, when he can get even a half-dozen earnest, willing people, organize a society which shall meet regularly for religious culture? Find a competent reader to conduct the service; place in his hands some of the wealth of printed liberal matter so easily obtainable now-a-days; engage to send them a minister occasionally or at stated intervals, according to the depth of their and your purses, and so try to hold what he gets everywhere he makes an effort.

We have at distant points from one another in this State, about six little struggling, but as far as I know, self-supporting societies. I believe if these would pool their strength in some such manner as I have suggested, we might have in a year twenty-five little struggling, but still self-supporting societies; for on this plan they need buy no more than they can pay for, incur no debts, and take no risks, and still prosper.

* * * * * *

My appeal is for the hearers and the cause rather than for a more comfortable life for the ministers, although I believe that will follow. In our society we are getting over the feeling that the church stands to the preacher in the relation of a kind of charitable institution. The sooner we get that old inherited notion entirely out of our heads that giving to the church is lending to the Lord, or casting bread upon the waters to be found after many days, the better it will be for the people, the church and the minister. That which I may give for sending the gospel to more benighted parts of Michigan than Grand Haven, may be bread cast upon the waters. I expect to get direct returns for my investment in a society at home.

I set out to say what I thought ought and would be the minister of the future; but to prophesy about the minister of the future, or the church of the future, or the religion of the future, or any of the needs of those who are to come after us, is futile. We cannot tell what they will be; we can but dimly see our own present needs, and can attain them but in the smallest and most imperfect degree. Doing the best we can, we shall be able to make our own crude appliances only a little less crude, only a little more helpful to ourselves and our fellows. This is about all we can do for posterity. I have only succeeded imperfectly in telling what *I think* are the needs of the present, and I really do not know that they are even that. I *believe* the change would be profitable, applied at once. I believe there could be no better opportunity for making the experiment than now, in Michigan, with its five or six little societies. But of

course I do not suppose you will fall in with a suggestion involving so complete a change in our system of work, at once, if at all. All I hope for is that you will think about it, talk about it, find fault with it. You can pay my essay no greater compliment than in doing this.

A GREETING.

I carry germs that shall bud and bloom,
Some for fruition and some for the tomb;
Thoughts, that shall grow into kindly deeds
Of ministry for our brothers' needs;
Words, that shall gladden some saddened heart,
And hope and courage and strength impart;
Deeds, that shall lighten some burdened soul
Till a flood of light shall the clouds enroll.
Trials and crosses I promise, too,
To be met and borne with no light in view,
For a constant sun with no friendly cloud
Would find us at evening scorched and bowed.
A heart that is aged in prosperity's glow
Might selfish and hard and unlovely grow.

MADISON, Wis. I. L.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

J. LL. J.

"What news abroad i' the world?"

NEENAH, WISCONSIN.—The Universalist State convention convenes here June 9-13. A full programme is published.

KEENE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Albert Walkley, known to many of the western readers of UNITY, is called to the permanent pastorate of the Unitarian church of this place.

GROVE MEETING.—The New Hampshire friends are out with their call for the next summer's grove meeting at Winnipesaukee, August 1-8. This is the third, and each year's experience contributes to the success of the next.

—THE QUAKERS have just lost their leading historian and a noble philanthropist in the death of Samuel M. Janney at his home in Virginia April 30th. He is the author of the "Life of Wm. Penn," "George Fox," a four volume history of the Friends, and many other minor works.

STORM LAKE, IOWA.—We go away from home to learn the news. The *Christian Register* comes from Boston to tell us that there is a Liberal Christian society at this place that has been supporting preaching much of the time for the last five years, and that there is nearly enough money to build a church. UNITY means to hunt up this society.

CHEERING.—The following all the way from Florence from one of UNITY'S earliest friends and one of America's clearest thinkers is most cheering: "I am happy to say that my health is much better than it was; in fact it is as good as it ever will be. With my pen I can still do something for the cause I have had so near my heart so many years. Desiring still to be considered one of the fellow-workers in behalf of soul-freedom, I am cordially, as always, yours,

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

The women's work shows signs of growing life and promise. Following Mrs. Richardson's admirable report as State Secretary for Illinois, at Rockford, of fifteen dollars already raised and the expectation of two or three times that amount soon to be collected, comes a word of cheer from the Christian Union of Rockford, in the shape of a post-office order for $15.72. This is an excellent beginning for Illinois, and we look for the uprising of some woman in each of the Western Conference States who shall emulate the zeal and earnestness of her State Secretary in this worthy work. C. P. W.

KALAMAZOO.—The Michigan State Unitarian Conference passed off quietly at this beautiful village of 12,000 inhabitants (the largest village in the United States), May 17-19. Mr. Forbush preached the opening sermon, respecting the "Future of Religion." That religion has a future is as certain as that humanity has a future, for the one is the outgrowth of the other. Rev. S. W. Sample discussed Mallock's "Is Life Worth Living," which confirmed the Conference in the opinion, quite general among Unitarians, that it is not worth while to leave this world, as long as we can stay in it as well as not.

In the afternoon the laymen took the stand. George Stickney, Esq., of Grand Haven, gave an essay, a part of which we print elsewhere. Prof. Dr. Willson, of the Michigan University, read a sparkling paper on the "Prophet of the Past, and the Prophet of the Future." Our "Old Probabilities," predicting if not providing all sorts of weather, was taken as a type of the coming prophet.

In the evening there was a pleasant collation. On Wednesday, discourses by Messrs. Reis, Irish, Billman, Fhlurer and Jones, all of which were listened to by attentive audiences.

THE WOMAN'S WORK.—The king of Siam, soon to visit this country, had, when a lad, Mrs. Leonowens for an English governess. She was enough to invest the boy's mind with the best results of Christianity, and neglecting the dogmatic part thereof, largely through the influence of his early teacher, he has grown up a progressive prince, introducing the method of Western congregations in the far-off land in the East. The New York *Times* says: "Mrs. Leonowens wisely did not seek to proselyte her pupil, who is a Buddhist in name and a Rationalist in fact, it is said. That would have weakened her influence, and she chose rather to educate him in the largest sense, and to inculcate such principles as would most ameliorate the condition of his country. He proved a diligent student, especially of English and American newspapers, and nothing pleased him more than to converse with intelligent travelers on the topics thus suggested. He has some knowledge of science; he is a practical political economist; he reads and speaks half a dozen languages. One of his first acts on coming to the throne was to liberate unconditionally all prisoners of State on the occasion of his father's cremation. Shortly after this he issued a remarkable proclamation, giving perfect religious freedom to all his subjects, whom he also permitted to wear European dress and stand erect in his presence. The abolition of slavery caused him much trouble, but in 1871 royal proclamation was made that it should cease after the following January 1, and that slaveholders should be remunerated by a general tax." It perhaps ought to be said, in justice to the prince, that the broading culture was not all on one side. The governess who went to Siam, a High Church woman, imbued with the exclusive tenets of Christian Episcopalianism, returned an earnest Free

Religionist, these heathen, by their gentle manners and good morals, having persuaded her that the All-Father reveals himself to every age and race.

ST. LOUIS.—The dedication of the New Mission Free School on the 16th ult., was a most joyous occasion. The building, corner of Ninth and Washington streets, offers more comfort, beauty, utility and religion to the dollar, than we have ever seen elsewhere. The basement contains kitchen, laundry, dining-room and other house-keeping conveniences; the first floor, dormitories and day school-room; the upper floor gives an audience-room, Sunday-school class-rooms, and club reading-rooms. The auditorium is well lighted, well ventilated, simply but tastefully decorated, and will seat 400 people. This room leads us to hope that the coming church architect, whom we have so long expected, is near at hand. The rational church building, suited to the thought and climate and jackets of the North-west, is not yet built. F. J. Furlong, this architect, comes nearer to it than any one we have thus far known, and is to be congratulated over his success.

The purpose for which this building has been built is also a promise of the better time. It provides a home for an average of twelve waifs, who are found homes as promptly as possible. It gathers an average of fifty children into the day school, who are below the lowest reach of the public school. The children are provided with dinner at the Home, and the teachers and Matron follow them with their refining influences to their homes. On Sunday, Mr. Udell, with a bright corps of teachers, conducts one of the best managed Sunday-schools in the West; and here, when the right minister at large is found, will be held a regular Sunday service.

The dedication services were impressive. Dr. Eliot, in his sermon, gives the wisdom acquired in forty years' experience in charity work. Mr. Douthit, J. Ll. Jones and Geo. Partridge, whose generosity aided largely in the erection of the building, followed with addresses. The entire proceedings are soon to be printed in a pamphlet, of which we will have more to say when it is out.

A VOICE FROM THE WILDERNESS.—We wish this cry for help, which comes out of the depths of a new, new country, might touch some people who have pocket-books, as pathetically as it does us. None but those who have tasted of the solitude that settles down around the pioneer's cabin, while the inmates recall the privileges left behind them, can understand the full meaning of this call. We can draw from memory the fitting tints with which to paint the realistic experiences in such homes as this away out in Dakota. In such homes is to be found the finest heroism this generation affords, and the best promise of the next. A man armed with the best connection of the old world, manfully looking to conquer the new, challenges our admiration, however humble the sphere in which he labors. Any one moved by this plea, may send contributions to the editor, who will hold all money in trust until he will be reasonably assured that the donation will secure the end; and in case of failure, will return the same to the donors. Would it not be nice if we could help build a neat little Unity Chapel away out in Dakota?

MCKINOCK, GRAND FORKS, D. T., March 16, 1880.

Dear Sir: At the suggestion of Mr. S. F. Williams, of Liverpool, England, I take the liberty of writing to you on the following account. The township in which I am living is a very new one, a few families having lived here for about two years. Up to the present we have had no school or meeting house, both of which we are in great need of. There are quite a number of children in the township, and we expect many more to arrive this spring. As to the need of some sort of religious service, I need not speak, as no doubt you are quite familiar with the tendency to degenerate where there is no sort of admonition or protest kept up from time to time. Now we want to put up a building that will serve the purpose of school and meeting house, but the expense is too great for us to do it alone, so I write you to see if you can help us in this matter. Should you do this, it would be with the understanding that the church should be free. Myself and wife have been members of a Unitarian congregation and are desirous that our children should not have their minds biased by sectarian teaching. I might add that there are two or three in the neighborhood to whom a free church would be the most acceptable. Should you be able to help us in this matter, you would be helping on a true missionary enterprise. Yours very truly, THOS. P. STEVENS.

UNIVERSALIST CO-OPERATION.—Not long ago we sent *Unity's* greetings to the Universalist clergymen throughout the country, asking for such co-operation or criticism as it might deserve. We told them that we had no purpose to interfere with any denominational schemes, and did not expect to enjoy the full confidence of their denomination. Yet we hoped to be counted as fellow-laborers in our effort to establish the consciousness of a Universal Brotherhood among men, and sustain in that work with a kindred hope in the ultimate triumph of good over evil. In response we have received some words of sharp rebuke, others of kindly distrust of our method; still others sent words of hearty fellowship. As an indication of how it seems to many in that brotherhood, we print the following, received from an honored and hard-working Universalist minister from the eastward:

Dear Sir and Brother: Your circulars and accompanying note were duly received. I am happy to say in reply that with your aims and purposes in the publication of *Unity* I am in hearty and cordial sympathy; and although I have not had the pleasure of seeing a copy of your paper, I have little fear of its being "too radical" to please me. I know something of the spirit of the people among whom you find your field of labor, having spent nearly a dozen years west of the Mississippi, pioneering the "Universal hope," to which you inform me the *Unity* is fully committed. And I am not wholly uninformed respecting your own labors, having been a regular and thorough reader of the *Christian Register* a number of years. Shall I confess that I gave up the *Register*, excellent as it is in many respects, because of its too conspicuous,—and I sometimes thought—studied disparagements of all Universalist production. There is this peculiarity of Boston or New England Liberalism, especially Unitarian and Universalist types, that, at least in their representative periodicals, they are more tolerant of *orthodox opposition* than of their *own agreement*. The illnatured flings indulged in are fully reciprocated to an extent often exasperating to the true spirit of liberality. But this is not so in the West, whether because neither branch of the liberals there has as yet waxed fat enough to kick, or whether, which is more probable, they all think and work from a more really independent standpoint, and do escape the narrowness of exclusiveness and sectarianism. For myself I have often and freely announced myself as much a Unitarian as Universalist in faith and sympathy. But Boston Unitarianism has somewhat studiously avoided committing itself to the "Universal hope," so that now the various writers who vie with each other in paying honor to Channing, are in dispute as to whether he *believed* it or had mental reservations on the subject. I should judge that the origin and "Constitution" of your paper would be favorable to keeping the "unity of the spirit in the bonds of grace," not only between these closely allied believers, but also extending broader in its outreach of fraternal fellowship toward any who profess faith in any intelligent and rational Religion of Humanity. The name will become more and more practically significant with the

progress of independent thought. I shall be glad to enroll my name among its subscribers, and shall soon remit to *Unity* office for that purpose, wishing you encouraging success. Very cordially yours, ——.

EVANSVILLE, IND.—Rev. George Chainey, wishing to reorganize his society, or to organize a new society in this place more consonant with his present conviction, has, says the *Courier*, sent the following to at least one hundred Unitarian ministers throughout the country, to ascertain if there was an unwritten creed in the Unitarian Church:

EVANSVILLE, Ind., May 12, 1880.

Dear Sir and Brother: I enclose you a copy of a proposed change in our basis of membership and name.

Will you please give me your opinion as to whether a society so organized and employing me as its minister, can consider itself within the Unitarian fellowship?

Answer and oblige, yours fraternally, GEORGE CHAINEY.

Preamble and article of membership of the First Unitarian society of Evansville, Ind.:

"We whose names are here recorded do hereby organize ourselves into a society, that by unity of effort we may maintain liberty of thought, and do all in our power to promote the physical, intellectual and moral elevation of humanity.

"Any person may become a member of this society by recording or causing his or her name to be placed upon its list of membership."

This request brought from Robert Collyer, an open letter printed in the *Courier*, in which he says:

If you had been twenty years in our ranks, as I have, you would have found out by this time that the Unitarian body is simply an aggregation of free congregational churches, and that each church has the perfect right to order its own affairs in its own fashion, none daring to molest or make it afraid.

But concerning the attendant question as to whether such a society would be entitled to the church name, and property of the society with which he has been laboring, Mr. Collyer says:

I steadily say that a man shall be true to the substance of doctrine and usage he is called to maintain, or quit, and that he shall not tamper with a church or with church property so as to wrest it from its original intention. If in the long lapse of the years the children of those who have built a church, and the ministers who have preached there, find that a change has come over them as gradual and apart from observation as that which came to New England, and those who do not like the change go off and build a church of their own without saying by your leave, it would still be handsome in those who stay to say: "Part of this is yours; we will do what we can to help you."

From the private letter of a brother in the West, we are permitted to quote:

In reply to your question, I would say that in my judgment this is a case in which you are both *judge* and *jury*. Unitarianism, either as a system of thought or an association of churches, is not a *walled city*. It has no *gates* or *guardian!* Its lines of latitude and longitude are, as we used to say in school about the earth, purely *imaginary*. I hold and always have held to the rigid principle of *Congregationalism*. A church is like a home; no outside party has a right to intrude into its purely private or domestic affairs. I never interfere between man and wife, or church and minister. If you should come, as I hope you may decide to do, to any of our conferences, especially to the Western Conference, it would be assumed, I am sure, that you came in good faith, and that you accepted, with your own interpretation, the basis of fellowship upon which we co-operate; and I should be the first to rebuke, as impertinent and inconsistent, any attempt to make an inquisition into personal beliefs or motives. What should be your course in the matter is, I think, an affair of *personal conscience*. Nobody can decide for you, and certainly nobody outside of Evansville and your own society. Whatever you may decide to do, I hope you will remain in cordial friendly relations with all your old liberal friends. Differences of opinion may part men in different fields of labor; they ought never to dissolve friendships and destroy mutual confidences.

A RAILROAD AS A MISSIONARY.—A minister occupying a prominent orthodox pulpit in the West who was suspected of unsoundness in the faith was asked by a heresy-hunter if he believed in foreign missions, replied, "Y-e-e-s, but I'd believe in them more if they took a saw-mill along with them." Mr. Wendte, of Cincinnati, on his return from an extended trip through the South discovered in the "Great Southern Railway," just completed largely by the business enterprise of Cincinnati, a noble missionary to the gospel of unity and culture. He says in a sermon published in the *Commercial:* "The Southern Railway has a mission of reconciliation to all sections of our common country. It means the cessation of hates and antagonisms, the establishment of better schools, higher standards of education, wiser and more liberal preaching, more culture and refinement, a purer social morality, the peaceful alliances of North and South, East and West, in mutual sympathy and purpose. Ah, my brothers, you have builded wiser than you knew. While you were concerned about money, and machinery, and merchandise, and mines, and manufactures, the Divine Providence makes use of these material means to build up the spiritual interests of the Kingdom of God. * * * * And so as men are brought by this agency to know each other better and enter into fraternal relations with each other, as the arts and sciences and humanities, as education and philanthropy and religion crowd in the track of your business enterprise, you begin to realize that material things are only the emblems of things divine, that this great highway which you have builded at such a sacrifice of labor and money, is one more prophecy of the coming brotherhood of men, and shall indeed become, in the language of the inspired writer, "a way of holiness," whereon the redeemed of the Lord shall journey with songs and everlasting joy." The work of reconciliation by the missionary has already begun. "We who listened to the eloquent greetings and felt the warm clasp of the hands extended by our Southern hosts, know how sincere were the sentiments they uttered, and what genuine gladness and good will thrilled their hearts and kindled responses in ours. It was a happy augury of a better understanding between the West and the South in the time to come." Mr. Wendte takes a hopeful and, we believe, the truthful view of the southern question, notwithstanding the meddlesome interference of the politicians. "The marvel, however, is not that such social conditions should exist, but that, under the circumstances, so much progress towards reconciliation should already have been made. The full restoration of good feeling is only a question of time, and that time is far nearer than we suppose. Great agencies are peacefully at work to accomplish this. * * * * * * The recent entertainment which Cincinnati gave to a thousand or more of her Southern neighbors did more to restore friendly feelings than years of political agitation. Our Southern friends went home deeply impressed with the wealth and power, the splendid hospitalities and kindly purpose of the great West. Thus our good will accomplished what force could never have done. Blessed then be the victories of peace which conquer men by kindness, and leave no rankling wounds or base suspicions and dislikes. Let the fact that we have triumphed over our Southern brother by force of arms be swallowed up by that larger and more enduring victory which shall make them captives to us in the bonds of sympathy, charity and happiness, and binds us with them in a holy brotherhood of confidence and esteem.

EXCHANGE TABLE.

Church and Home, Mr. Douthit's church paper, says: "Channing was loved by the Roman Catholics. When he died, the cathedral bells of Boston tolled a requiem, by order of the Catholic Bishop of New England."

The Rising Faith.—A sermon by S. J. Stewart, Bangor, Maine, on Sentimentalism, contains the following: "The criticism, often made, that the church is largely composed of sentimental women, has only been made possible because feeling has been considered more religious than thought in the church, and woman has not been taught to think. The criticism will be removed when woman realizes her mental and moral dignity, and when the church stands for truth as well as sentiment."

The Universalist Herald believes "that some Universalists contribute more to sustain opposing churches than their own, all of which is wrong. Many of our people are generous, but it is too often the wrong way. If there is no Universalist church near them, let them strive to raise means sufficient to secure the services of our ministers occasionally, if it is only once or twice a year. If this cannot be done, send what you can to the minister for the general good of the cause."

The Independent.—Mary Clemmer prefaces her weekly letter to this paper as follows: "One looks into the faces of the men who make the Congress of the United States with a keen regret that the name 'politician' to the best of the race has come to rank so low. The politician that prevails, the man who carries off so many of the best material prizes of the republic, is so selfish, so vulgar, so vulnerable to low appeals to sordid motives, that the best men in other professions have come to hold themselves aloof and higher than the professed politician."

The Rising Faith: "Most of us who believe in rational Christianity, Unitarians and Universalists, need to develop and apply our principles and ideas more thoroughly. There is great need of missionary work in most of our congregations. Are there not many of our people who appear to feel that if they pay their minister and go to church now and then, when they feel like it, they have done all that is required of them in connection with religion? But there is no real Christianity where there is no interest in the religious welfare of others and no effort to improve their condition. Every person possesses social influence, and no one can rightly claim exemption from the duty of neighborly invitation and cordiality to the unchurched."

The Rising Faith advertises as follows: "Wanted!—A thousand ministers, more or less, either men or women, to preach the new gospel of Liberalism in all the cities and towns and villages of the land. The old beliefs are dying everywhere, and the old ecclesiastical organizations are breaking up. The half-way teachings of Conservative Unitarianism and Liberal Orthodoxy are equal no longer to the demands of the hour. The new Science and the new Morality are calling for a new church with a new theology, and a new consecration on the part of its teachers. The new church must be entirely modern and American in its spirit and methods, and the new consecration must be like that which animated the souls of the seventy whom Jesus sent out. Where shall these thousand ministers be found, and what must their qualifications be for the service required?"

The Alliance.—"It was said of a certain politician, who was sent as consul to Cairo, Egypt, that he would steal the Egyptians' camels, steal their houses, and that nothing but the lack of transportation would save the pyramids themselves. But now, not even the lack of transportation seems to stand in the way of the destruction of these ancient monuments. The present Khedive has taken a portion of the stones of one of the pyramids to build a mosque with, and certain private individuals, encouraged by the official example, are stealing the stones for building material. Unless there is some outside interference, the pyramids will melt away before the mercenaries living at their base.

"The utiltarian would say that the useless tombs of the Pharaohs were better transformed into comfortable dwellings, and it may be sentimentalism that demands that they be kept intact, but it does seem like vandalism, nevertheless, to destroy one of the historic seven wonders of the world."

Social Science Journal: "The Women's Education Association, of Boston, in the third year of its existence, can make as brave a show of solid work for the improved education of women, as any society in America. Incorporated as an association of the best women in Boston, with a general mission of 'promoting the better education of women,' it has already become a power in the city. It has interested itself in the introduction of women to the Institute of Technology; in the Harvard Examinations for Women; in the scheme for private collegiate instruction for women in Cambridge; in the Boston cooking school; in the publication of tracts on moral and physical education; in the school of art needle work; in the teaching of sewing in public schools; and in the establishment of the Girls' Latin School in Boston. Its 'parlor meetings' furnish a select and influential audience for hearing and discussing important papers on the whole range of educational life. There is no end to the good work that may be done by such an association of the foremost women of any city or town."

Our Home Life, a little Sunday paper published at Oakland, Cal., in the interest of liberal thought, says: "No home is complete without books; so form a family library as soon as possible. There are now cheap editions of the best books, and libraries grow from year to year. At first, buy only books that you want immediately to read. Do not be deluded into buying books because they are classics, or cheap, or that you may get rid of an agent. One book read is worth a dozen books looked at. No book is possessed till it is read. A good dictionary, atlas, and encyclopedia are indispensable for books of reference, the larger the better. . . . . It is not necessary to have elegant book-cases for the reception of your library. Respectable hanging shelves can be bought in our cities and towns for a dollar and upward. A dollar spent in pine lumber and a little mechanical skill will make a larger and better one. Varnished pine is handsome enough for any parlor. A place for books will cry to be filled till it gets its prayer answered. Book-shelves preserve books. One shelf of books gathered together is a better library than twice the number scattered from attic to cellar. But if you only have one room, make a library in the corner of it."

The Alliance.—David Swing writes of Bella Puella, a

"characteristic" young lady of the age, who has been seized with the Decorative Art mania in its worst form, nurtured from her youth in the classic shades of Boston, where they say "that after a summer or autumn night has been clear and still, and one living in the suburbs of that polite city has slept with his windows open, there may be found, in the morning, dust of eloquence and culture and music and propriety sprinkled on the curtains and bed-spread—a form of high manna for the sustenance of adjacent but less favored souls. An early life passed where the very air and dews thus favored art, urged forward the hereditary disposition of Bella Puella, and made her, at the age of eighteen, the possessor of the most ardent passion for decoration that has graced our land or country." Everything in and about her home shows the development of her esthetic taste. The horns of her favorite cows are decorated with designs in oil, or lines of sentiment from Virgil and Ovid. "In this charm of both art and memory even the milk-pails had a share, for when the milkmaids came out, dressed as they were in five shades of maroon and gold, one could read upon their buckets such verses as these:

'Lovely milkmaid, ere we part,
Give, oh! give me back my heart.'

In the interior of this home is exhibited the same rare instinct of the fitness of things which distinguishes many of our modern homes. Japanese banners hang upon Greek swords, and Chinese lanterns throw light upon an American gas fixture and upon an Athenian lamp of immortality; while against the bronze statue of Socrates is resting a flint-lock musket found on the field of Bunker Hill. . . . It was wonderful. It was incredible. It was awful, but it was not impossible. Great is nature, but greater by far is man and woman, when their taste can roam without restraint in fields where the fences built in narrow times are all down."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Under this head will be noticed all books, pamphlets, and magazines received at this office from publishers, with price and such editorial comment as our space will admit; also such news of literary activities as will be most welcome to the liberal reader.

Any publications noticed in this column can be ordered from this office.

SELECTIONS FROM THE APOCRYPHA, published by Roberts Bros., from Jansen, McClurg & Co, Chicago. Wisdom series, pp. 147, 50 cents.

THE WISDOM OF JESUS, the son of Sirach, published by Roberts Bros., from Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago. Wisdom series, pp. 170, 50 cents.

AFTER DOGMATIC THEOLOGY, WHAT? By Giles B. Stebbins, Colby & Rich, publishers, Boston, pp. 144, 35 cents.

THE DIAL, a monthly index of current literature, published by Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago, Vol. 1, No. 1, pp. 24, $1 per year.

A WORD WITH JOSEPH COOK, a lecture by Rev. J. H. Crooker, of LaPorte Ind., pp. 20, 10 cents.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES, recommended by the Ladies' Commission on Sunday School Books, published by American Unitarian Association, Boston, pp. 13.

—The first two little books mentioned above disclose how much good bible the blank leaf between the Old and New Testament stands for; and what a pity it is that it should be excluded. They also raise the question, should not other rare portions of the Bible be given the benefit of such dainty binding and mind-concentrating isolation.

—Mr. Stebbins, in his "After Dogmatic Theology, What?" undertakes to substitute spiritualistic phenomena as evidences of the great religious beliefs in view of dogmatic assertion and an obsolete revelation. Mr. Stebbins is a gentleman of fine sensibilities and scholarly tastes, and we would look for the best there is on this subject in his writings. The book abounds in many choice quotations and elevated thoughts.

—Mr. Crooker's pamphlet on Joseph Cook is one of many successful attempts to show the inconsistencies and incredibility of this great *platformer*, sometimes taken for a reformer. Mr. Cook has at least one of the characteristics of greatness. "He never knows when he is whipped." Had the reviewed been less vulnerable Mr. Crooker's pamphlet would do him credit on the score of painstaking, ready and clear statement.

—The catalogue of the Ladies' Commission, issued from time to time, offers the very best guide there is to children's reading in Sunday Schools, or out of them.

—The publishers of the *Dial* promise us not only a list of the title pages of new books, but that the "editorial comment shall be made with conscientious freedom of opinion." If they adhere to this they will meet a real want. The general reader will welcome a fair, reliable guide that will discriminate between the good and bad, or middling in books. This number is handsome in appearance, its reviews and literary notes bright and interesting. R.

—Prof. Swing's "Motives of Life," which has reached the fourth edition, is full of good thoughts on important, everyday subjects, written in a plain, pleasant style, It is one of Prof. Swing's best productions. There must have been much reading and thinking and balancing of philosophies to enable the author to write this book. And yet the result is here plainly and forcibly given so that a common reader can easily grasp it. Some of the chief powers that move humanity in this age and other ages are described and illustrated here. In short, it is a large book in a small compass. It is meat without bones. R. L. H.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA. BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

The ten years probation which Emerson recommends before favorable judgment shall be passed on any book, seems not to have been insisted on in the case of this work. Disarming criticism, it has met with instant acceptance, captivating by the intensity of its eastern color, light and atmosphere. While quite willing to grant for it all the merits claimed, even deferring to those who think Edwin Arnold has written the poem of the century, I cannot allow that the story of Buddha and his religion has been fully or impartially told. The author has thrown himself into the attitude of a reverent admirer, lover and follower of the "man who knew." This is but just to the Buddhistic thought, which like a richly stained window reveals its beauty only when studied from within. From its heart of hearts the poet paints its rationality, its glorious self-surrender, its all-embracing pity, its power to help, its achievements and its consolations. But no hint is given of limitation in the religion or its founder. They are perfect, altogether adorable and to be blindly imitated. A faith which holds three hundred millions by its doctrines, if not always by its precepts, is certainly worthy of careful study. If we would be true to ourselves and escape unharmed by oriental glamour, we should supplement our enjoyment of Mr. Arnold's poem by the reading of those authors who, standing at a remove from the fascinations of his faith, are open-eyed to its defects. Among many such, we may mention J. Freeman Clarke and Samuel Johnson; "The Ten Great Religions" of the one and the "Oriental Relig-

ions" of the other are valuable contributions to the literature that aims to be fair to the highest thought of mankind. More accessible than these works and more full is "Buddha," by C. D. B. Mills, of Syracuse, N. Y. In this beautifully written prose-poem we have a very complete and sympathetic but uncolored, historical statement concerning this teacher and his system. In this presentation our author has mingled keenest appreciation and admiration with coolest criticism; and while gladly exhibiting its tender sympathy with all living things, its purity, its call to self-conquest and self-forgetfulness, he as strongly shadows the unwisdom, inadequacies and errors of this wide-spread faith. The vision of man's deliverance from the remorseless wheel of life, the links that bind action and consequence, the power to circumvent the power of fate and to control the controler—these Mr. Mills emphasizes, and no less clearly he shows the failure of this belief to meet the needs of humanity, the unrest and sadness of its to-day and the dreary outlook of its to-morrow.

Let those who are almost persuaded to become Buddhists ask themselves, whether the satisfying, full-rounded truth has been spoken by this eastern prophet. M. E. B.

Syracuse, May 17th, 1880.

Odd, or Even?

"The greater part of it was written last summer in a hay loft," says Mrs. Whitney of her new book, "Odd, or Even." "I would take my books and paper and climb up on to the hay and over into a nook, until I was clear out of sight, and there stay the whole morning. Once in a while a friend would climb the ladder and peep over with a pleasant word or two, and then leave me alone."

It is possible that the chapter in the book itself, entitled "The Hay-parlor," gives a fuller description of this secluded nook:

"The men had left the little north corner-loft just comfortably piled with the new, fragrant hay-crop. All the rest of the barn-buildings—a chain of three—were stack full. Miss Ammah always bargained for a 'hay-parlor.'

"Across the wide window-space above the doors were strong wooden bars, against which, half way up, the middle mow pressed its affluent bulk, and the wind swayed pleasantly the stray, escaping locks. Over the bars the opening of the heavy shutter left a breezy space, and the wide cracks in the side-boardings of the old barn let the air sift through in a sweet, wandering way, even down in the low north corner; and the sunlight lay here and there in slender golden lines across, making the tangled stalks show an intricate, illumined meshwork.

"Quite up in the shade, against a luxuriously heaped slope, they sat and leaned,—Miss Ammah and France Everidge. Miss Ammah had brought book and baskets. They had two hours yet before the early tea-bell; Mrs. Heybrook was resting in her bed-room; all across and through the roadway, doorway, open house and farm-yard dropped delicious silence; it was the luxury of absolute uninterruption and the absence of all claim upon them. At first it was too delightful for anything but itself. Book and work waited."

Here is a golden hint for the book-makers. Let all our books be written in a hay loft! we are tempted to exclaim. Certainly an unusual aroma and freshness is from some cause suggested in the earlier chapters describing the wholesome life at Heybrook Farm. We could imagine the theological passages were written with less favorable surroundings, and turn from them with relief to the pictures of the sweet home life up in the New Hampshire hills,—to Mother Heybrook, Rael, Lyman, and Sarell Gately.

Mrs. Whitney owes much of her charm as a writer to her art of telling plain truth, from which she seldom departs. Her country people are apt to be genuine country people; her country life is seldom ornamented into unreality to make a dish to set before the king. With what brave forgetfulness of her audience she dashes into the spirit of the chase of that "veritable outlaw and guerilla, the white rooster," while Mrs. Heybrook, watching the pursuit from the porch, calls out nervously:

"He'll be over the wall into the gardin'! Look out, Rael! he'll get under the barn. Don't you dare to let him, Lyman Heybrook! Father! keep this way more, and Rael 'll have him!"

"Father kept this way, Lyman made a rush, the white rooster flew screaming over Israel's shoulder, and the next minute, scrambling to ground in a cloud of dust and feathers, scuttled tumultuously under the sill of the barn and disappeared.

"'Well, you *are* smart men folks,—three of you!' ejaculated Mother Heybrook, laughing, too, with all her might, as she was apt to do if ever she tried to scold.

"'Lyman, let alone poking! You needn't pertend; he's just where you meant he should be.'"

Such description positively authenticates the incident, and we have no more doubt of the reality of the chase than of the discovery of America.

Decidedly the best character in the book, the strongest and most truthfully drawn, is Miss Sarell Gately, the buxom, efficient, clear-headed hired girl at Heybrook Farm. It may be doubted if the writer herself suspects the full worth of the sterling young woman she depicts, when she marries her princely farmer hero to a city girl of less ability and more culture. But we do not care to be captious with such a book before us, the brightness and freshness of which is sure to give general pleasure and increase the already large number of Mrs. Whitney's admirers. R.

EXCURSIONS BY THE BACHELOR OF THOUGHT AND NATURE.

MARION BRYSON.

A call was recently made for the donation of books to a Sunday School library; the school is a large one and often has need of replenishing its stock of mental wares. This time instead of sending off for a new supply of "goodie books,"—the blue-skim-milk of morbid emotion—the church was asked for a contribution of such reading matter as might prove useful and interesting. So it happened that the writer was approached by a good lady, with copy in hand of Thoreau's Excursions, quite anxious to know if such a book was fit for their Sunday school library. In some way unaccountable, the book in question had found a place in the corner of her trunk, years ago, and there remained undisturbed, for its contents yet were wholly unknown to her. It having no real thought value to the owner, how natural to look upon it as just the one for a Sunday school donation. Moth eaten and stained by age, musty and chilled by long disuse, obscure and without favor, the "Excursions" had come to light again. And still their quaint thoughts breathed the

tone of deep inspiration, and kept time, as of old, with the pulse of warm, animated nature. What could be done now better than lay claim to the poor waif so long imprisoned, starved, neglected, shut off, as it were, from the reach of sympathetic friends. Such isolation might have proved fatal; hearty thanks for the final release, even though it should come in answer blind, to the call of an orthodox Sunday school committee. How often the wild seed-thoughts of a restless nature are cast about homeless and alone, abiding in patience the time they may happily prove to be, angels in disguise.

Sunday school excursions to the country are looked upon as one of the best means of recreation and improvement, and yet, to many, what danger and distrust hedge the way of excursions, with a liberal high priest, from whose lips they might learn, in joyous freedom, the wondrous facts of life and nature. Deprive truth-loving children, or crusty adults even, of the fellowship of nature's true interpreters, working in the spirit of religious faith, inquiring, unfettered, and they will seek out other company; well it is if they are not soon found rioting in the slums of "yellow-back-literature." Can there not be reading for the young fresher, and more attractive than is the base cruelty of savage border-life, or the wishy-washy effusions still too often labelled "S. S. Library?" If children must have something tinged with the spirit of native wildness, let them take healthy excursions in free, sunny thought-land, guided, protected by master hands and loving hearts, pure, original, reverent.

FAMILIAR TEXTS FROM MODERN PROPHETS.

Great Truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great Souls are portions of Eternity.—*Lowell.*

Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the Right
To the firm center lays its moveless base.—*Lowell.*

In general, those who nothing have to say,
Contrive to spend the longest time in doing it.
—*Lowell.*

Nature and books belong to the eyes that see them. It depends on the mood of the man, whether he shall see the sunset or the fine poem. There are always sunsets and there is always genius; but only a few hours so serene that we can relish nature or criticism.—*Emerson.*

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms.—*Bryant.*

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.—*Longfellow.*

There are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
—*Longfellow.*

He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
—*Longfellow.*

Honor and blessings on his head
While living, good report when dead,
Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown!
—*Longfellow.*

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-stone;
Is the central point, from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.
—*Longfellow.*

What Hell may be I know not; this I know—
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord;
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go
He goes; and better fire-walled hell with him
Than golden-gated Paradise without.—*Whittier.*

Leave what you've done for what you have to do;
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.—*Holmes*

Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death;
And with new notions,—let me change the rule—
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.—*Holme*

Be firm! One constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.—*Holmes.*

Measure not the work
Until the day's out and the labor done;
Then bring your gauges. If the day's work's scant,
Why, call it scant; affect no compromise;
And, in that we have nobly striven at least,
Deal with us nobly, women though we be,
And honor us with truth, if not with praise.
—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

A holiday of miserable men
Is sadder than a burial-day of kings.
—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Liberal Thought and Culture.

PAPERS FOR THE TIMES,

On Literature, Philosophy and Religion, Edited by Walter Lewin.

To American readers, this work has especial interest as an able exponent of liberal thought and culture in England, being written, as the *Inquirer* says, "in the interests of a Rational Religious Faith and Spiritual Philosophy." Quarterly parts 30 cts. each; yearly subscriptions, $1.00; volumes one and two, forming first series, (complete in themselves,) boards, $1.25; half Calf, $1.75; Calf, g. e., $2.25; Russia, $2.50; each, or the two volumes in one, $2.40, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00, respectively; in all cases CARRIAGE FREE, from Mr. Lewin, 135 Bridge St., Birkenhead, Eng. Prospectus and lists post free. Remittances should be by Bank Draft, U. S. Currency Notes, or Post Office Money Order.

"UNITY" SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.—SERIES V.

Published by "Unity," Room 57, 75 Madison St., Chicago, Ills.
One Set (10 Lessons,) 10 cts. 25 or more sets, 5 cts. each.

CHANNING,

AND THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

(The references are to the one-volume "Works," Amer. ed., and the new one-volume "Life" of Channing.)

Lesson III.

CHANNING, THE PREACHER.

1. In the Parsonage.

The Household. The mother-treasurer; the sisters' perquisites; the closet-study and the attic-bed. A merry household all but he,—he absorbed in "subjects," hiding in the study, solemn with "the load which weighed down my mind at the beginning of my ministry." But "never a selfish act," said his brother.—"In the morning, when I see any of my friends after the night's separation, let me receive them as new gifts from God."—(*Life*, pp. 98, 110–113.)

In the Study. His private papers show him toiling to shape himself to perfectness by self-examinations and self-disciplines.—"Let me do much in secret,—pray, struggle, purify myself for my people. Let none know."—"My most painful, humble duties *first* and most attentively."—"Whenever I enjoy, let me ask how I can diffuse this happiness: when I suffer, how I can relieve similar suffering." ("As gems are formed," *Life*, pp. 103, 300.)

2. In Society.

His Realness of Manner. "Mr. Channing asks how you do, and when you say you are well, he replies, 'I am very glad, as if it were of real importance to him: and when he says 'It is a beautiful day,' you think of the morning of Creation when the sons of God shouted for joy!"

Parish-Calls. As a young man an indefatigable pastor. The title "Reverend" was most disagreeable to him. Among his rules for parish-calls: "Let my visits be ministerial, serious."—In conversation let me feel I shall gain more by candor than by victory."—"Let me draw persons from evil-speaking and injurious subjects by catching some thought suggested and making it the ground for remark."—"Pray stop: for if you go on, I shall feel bound to repeat every word to the person you are speaking of."—"Let me every day give away something, and daily deny myself something that I may have more to give away." He never laid up a cent, and was often wholly destitute. ("Always poor," *Life*, pp. 111, 129–131. "The two insane and aged paupers," Miss Peabody's *Reminiscences of Channing*, p. 41.)

3. In the Pulpit.

The Sermons. The young preacher quickly grew popular; within six years the little society had to build a large new church; a dozen years more and he was *the* Boston preacher. Yet no anecdotes, no quotations, no illustrations even, made the sermons so attractive. They were sermons in one color,—Sermons from the Soul, of the Soul, to the Soul; sermons of "the Perfect Life," "the Life of God in the soul of Man." It was the man in the sermon that was the illustration.

The Preacher. "Delicate in frame, but *of* a *great presence*." (Dewey.) "Scarce body enough to anchor his soul to earth." (Bellows.) A wide, clear brow, with eyes deep, large, yearning, "so communicative that his friends disputed about the color which was lost in the expression." (Bartol.) "That wonderful voice, thrilling one as if it issued from the inmost deep of the spirit." (Furness.) "Henry Clay's voice was called a band of music, Webster's was a trumpet, Channing's was a harp. What is saturated with spirit *goes*, though in but a whisper from the lips: how his syllables went into the congregation and sought out every cranny in the galleries!" (Bartol.) His reading of the Bible was more than any commentary: and "into the hymns he read more than I could afterward find." (Emerson.) Of his prayer,—"I was thrilled as never before by the thought of a man's communing with God face to face." (Miss Peabody, then a child of nine years.) After certain passages in his sermons, all over the church could be heard the sound of people drawing breath.—"Preaching was the great action of his life." (Dewey.) ("A Sunday morning in Federal St. Church," *Life*, pp. 386–9.) Also, see the *Channing Memorial Number of "Unity,"* April 1, 1880.

4. The True Preacher, sketched by Channing himself.

The Consecration. "No man is fitted to preach or promote Christianity, who is not fitted to die for it." (*Life*, p. 381.)

The Preacher's Associates. A fellow-worker with the reformers, martyrs, prophets, Christ, angels, God. (*Life*, pp. 302, 370.)

The Preacher's Central Truth, and the *Test of his fitness.* "Your work is to preach the Perfect." (*Works*, p. 283, *Life*, p. 374.)

The Means to the Preacher's End. (1.) *Study:* Inspiration? Yes, but not to the idle, passive mind. "Your parish must contain no harder laborer than yourself." (2.) *Inward Experience:* "Be what you preach." To see God, be like God.

How to Preach. (1) *Plainly, simply.* "Exaggerate nothing for effect,"—the pulpit sin. "In the long run nothing is so strong as simplicity."—(2) *Earnestly.* Fervent in delivering your discourse, but "rather, fervent in preparing it."—(3) *With moral courage.* "Honor all men; love all men; but fear none. Wait not to be backed by numbers."—(4) *Feel the greatness of your office.* "Greater than thrones." "The divinest art is that which awakens the god like in the breast of our brother."—(5) *Conditions of true eloquence.* Only possible when great principles have become the very substance of the soul. (*Life*, pp. 303–6.) (For above passages, see the "*Charge at Dwight's Ordination*" in 1840, in *Works*, pp. 283–290. Golden words, the whole of it,—Channing's "Epistle to Timothy. "Other noble thoughts on the Ministry, *cabinet* ed in *Life*, pp. 300–310, 362–383.)

5. Three Periods in Channing's Life.

It was an invalid's life, throughout. By 1824 he had to ask his people for a colleague, and from that time on gradually withdrew from work in the pulpit to work at the writing-desk, and spent long months of the year in Newport quiet. "I need several lives to do what I feel I have to do," he said: but, invalid as he was, he embraced three careers in his one life. He was (1) The Preacher and Pastor, 1803–1815. (2) The Religious Reformer, 1815–1830. (3) The Social Reformer, 1830–1842.—Before passing to the second, we must glance at New England Puritanism to know what he reformed.

(Talk *into* Channing's thoughts with the class,—and about sermons and church-going. What is the most interesting kind of sermon? the most impressive? the most helpful? Which of "the preacher's three P's,—Proving, Painting, Persuading," is the most important? Which had Channing? Have not the *people* any "three P's," as listeners? What are they? What good do you let yourself get from church-going? How can the people help their minister to preach well?)

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE

AND WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of these Societies is to be held at Milwaukee, June 15—18, 1880. The full programme will be duly announced, and we have every reason to expect a session of cheer and energy. The churches are requested to plan early to be present with large delegations.

JENK. LL. JONES, *Secretary.*

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, MILWAUKEE, May 15, 1880.

To Unitarian and other Independents:

DEAR BRETHREN:—We, the members of the First Unitarian Society, esteem it a great pleasure to extend to you our hospitality. We desire to see, at the coming session of the Western Unitarian Conference, all who wish to join in the work it represents. The object of the meeting is to promote "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion;" to foster the spirit of true piety; to increase the scope of practical philanthropy; and to "unite," under our spirit and purpose, "many men of many minds." Fraternally yours,

For the members:
- H. H. BUTTON, J. R. STUART, ALICE B. NORRIS, } Trustees.
- WILLIAM THORNDIKE, Treasurer.
- W. O. WHITE, Secretary.
- G. E. GORDON, Pastor.

Delegates and individuals wishing to unite with the work of the Conference, will be received at the church, situated on Cass st., near Martin, by friends, who will provide homes for all.

Arrangements are being made with the Railroads and Boats to return at reduced rates those who pay full fare in coming.

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE at Cincinnati, last May, in apportioning its expenses for the following year, named to each society the amount it was requested to contribute.

Although many of the societies have paid, and some promptly and even in excess of apportionment, yet to meet the expenses incurred a deficiency exists, which should be made up before the approaching annual meeting, June 15th, at Milwaukee. This can easily be done by the prompt action of the societies that have not yet contributed. Their best endeavors to aid in obtaining such desirable result is earnestly requested.

JOSEPH SHIPPEN, *Treasurer.*

St. Louis, Mo., 417 Pine St., May 1, 1880.

ST. LOUIS, May 22, 1880.

Editor of Unity:

DEAR SIR.—Please acknowledge the receipt from First Unitarian Society, Jackson, Mich., through Rev. I. C. Billman, of $18, a contribution to the Western Unitarian Conference; also that the contribution acknowledged from Cincinnati, April 13, ($45), was additional to $125 received February 18, making $170.

JOSEPH SHIPPEN, *Treasurer.*

OHIO CONFERENCE.

A meeting of the Ohio Conference of Unitarian and other Liberal Churches will be held in Meadville, Pa., on June 8th, 9th, and 10th. Addresses are expected from Rev. Wm. Henry Channing and Rev. Rush R. Shippen; essays from Rev. F. L. Hosmer, of Cleveland, and Rev. J. T. Lusk, of Marietta; to be followed by discussion by the members of the Conference. In connection with the exercises of the Conference will occur the Commencement exercises of the Theological School. Sermon by Rev. Geo. W. Hosmer, D. D., on the evening of the 9th, and the graduation exercises of the Senior Class on Thursday, June 10th.

All Unitarian and other Liberal Christian churches of Ohio, Western Pennsylvania, and Western New York, are invited to attend, and the church at Meadville extend the hospitalities of its homes to delegates. Those intending to be present are requested to send me their names in due season.

JAMES T. BIXBY,
Pastor of Independent Congregational (Unitarian) Church, Meadville.

UNITY.

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Address all money and business letters to the office; all Editorial communications to Jenk. Ll. Jones, Janesville, Wis.

SECOND SERIES.

The series of papers on the "Liberal Preachers of England Out of the Pulpit" will soon begin,—a series like that in last year's UNITY on the living poets and thinkers of America. The papers will appear from time to time through the year. The list, as thus far arranged, is as follows:

- ROBERT BROWNING, ... by *Prof. C. C. Everett.*
- RUSKIN, ... *James MacAlister.*
- "GEORGE ELIOT," ..... *J. W. Chadwick.*
- GEO. MACDONALD, ... *Mrs. A. W. Brotherton.*
- SPENSER, ... *Prof. J. T. Bixby.*
- HUXLEY, ... *C. D. B. Mills.*
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- FRANCES POWER COBBE, ...
- TENNYSON, ... *James K. Hosmer.*
- CARLYLE, ...
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